



THE CENTRE



1908

OF VISION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
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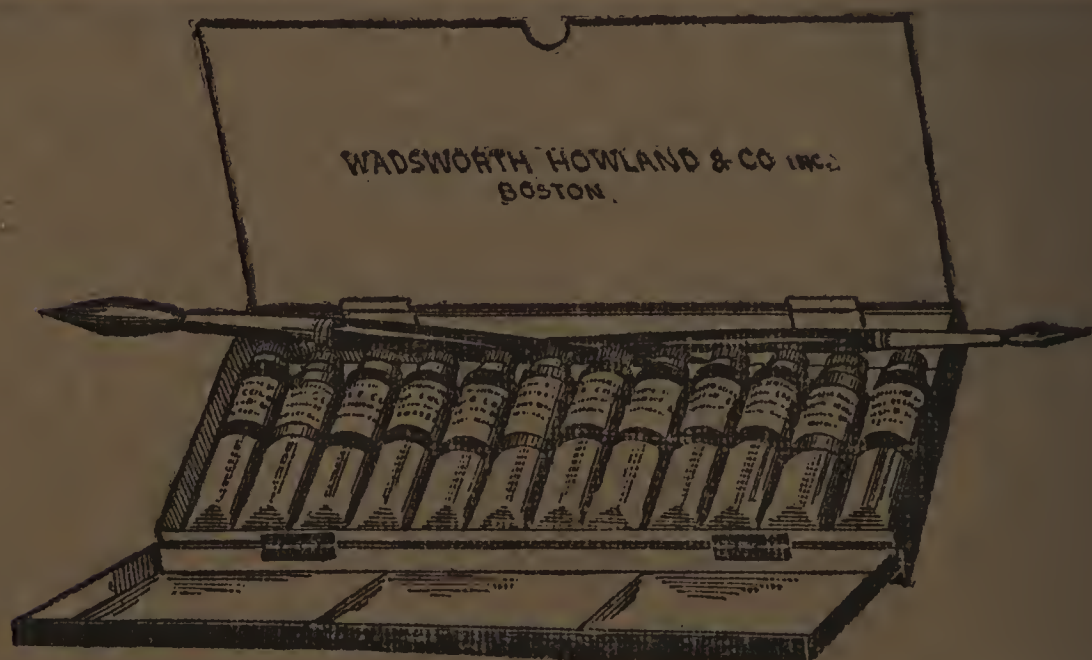
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"It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at."

"Seek an' Yo' Shel' Fin' "

Florence M. Alexander, '10

New Year's eve! What joy could the New Year bring a cripple, an unloved being, a man isolated by his own wish from his fellowmen? So at the end of the short day I hobbled along towards Apollo's cabin, seeking some cheer from the little, old, black man that had lived, played, and grown up with my father on the old plantation. There were gloomy stretches of fields that had to be crossed before one got to Apollo's cabin, and farther on was a path walled in by steep pines that swayed and moaned in a not altogether cheering fashion; so that I was glad when I reached the little clearing on which Apollo's cabin stood, and saw the bright panes of yellow light in the low cabin wall, and the smoke curling up into the night. I went up the snow-cleared path and knocked with my cane. Apollo's dog, Napoleon Bonaparte, yelped frantically, and I could hear him as he dashed about the room. Slow, shuffling footsteps came towards the door, it was fumblingly unbolted, and a black, wool-covered head poked itself cautiously out.

"Who am dah?" it said.

"It's only I," I answered, "just looking for a little New Year's cheer, if you can give it, Apollo."

"Fo' de Lawd, Ma'se Jahn. Who'd her thought et? Well, de idee ob comin' all de way thro' dose dark woods t' see dis ole niggar. I declar'! Com' en, chile. Com' right en. I'se glad t' see yo'."

I went in, and Napoleon Bonaparte circled about me in frantic joy, his tail beating a tattoo on the hard pine floor. "Nap seems glad to see me, at any rate," I said.

"Dat doawg am lik' a reg'lar human, libin' person," said Apollo with conviction. He hobbled over to the fireplace and began to stir the bubbling contents of a pot on the crane. "Et's jist a leetle bit ob hot watah fo' som' gin," he explained apologetically. "My rheumatiz is so bad at times."

I leaned back lazily in the low, chintz-covered rocker. It was a dear old room, with all its rubbish, dust, and memories. Best of all was the fire. The black, sizzling caldron, with the old, bent figure silhouetted against the red glare, brought back to me almost forgotten memories. As I sat in the great, comfortable chair, musing, and watching with lazy,

“Opportunities are swarming around us all the time, thicker than gnats at sundown.”

half-closed eyes the flickering flames and dancing shadows, how the dear old, happy days came back, when every Hallowe'en we met in Apollo's cabin! I could see the boyish figures huddled around the fire, listening with wide-open mouths, and now and then with creepy chills, to the strange, fantastic yarns of Apollo, who was telling in his soft, darky drawl tales of the ghost, of the headless man who lived in the woods, of the mysterious jack-o'-lantern, of the wonderful story of Brer' Possum, and of the thirteen-tailed fox who was outwitted by the lame rabbit (we were never critical of nature stories in those days). And at the end Apollo would stir the fire briskly, and the red and yellow sparks, like golden-haired witches in scarlet cloaks, danced up the black chimney into the dark, bewitched night, and the tension of our nerves relaxing, we jumped up and cut crimson ribbons from apples, and, chucklingly encouraged by Apollo, cast them half-shamefacedly over our boyish shoulders; and once (I could almost hear them shout) how they had laughed when my scarlet strip, as it fell, had cruelly shaped itself into a "W," and how I had mentally turned it upside down, and with blushing thoughts had reasoned it to be the letter "M." Then came the nuts, and the crackling corn, and the sweet, stolen pleasure of a sip of hard cider, the jolly strumming of old plantation songs on Apollo's banjo; then the noisy, boyish banter, the loud good nights, the dark and terrible homeward walk, and the awful, yet happy, dreams. Happy, happy days of boyhood and pleasure!

Then Mary came, and with her my love. Then had come the blow—I was a cripple, a man to be pitied the rest of his life—and then the end. A burning log fell to ruin with a crash on the hearth, as if to emphasize my thoughts, and I wondered if she had found out the love that the tongue in my crippled body had not dared to tell her. Seven long, weary years ago! It seemed centuries.

I roused myself and came back from memory-land. Apollo was coming toward me with a cup in his hand. "Hab som', honey?" he asked.

"No, not to-night, Apollo," I replied.

"Et's ob de burnin' riber dat leads straight t' de down below place, honey, but et's powerful good." He took a long, deep swallow and smacked his lips. Back to the hearth he went, crooning an old negro melody as he stirred the bubbling contents of the caldron with a long-handled spoon. "Et's seems lik' New Yer, doesn't et, Ma'se? Som'-

“We must sail sometimes with the wind, sometimes against it, but we must sail, not drift nor lie at anchor.”

how yo' can feel de Fourth ob July and New Yer a-comin' a long way off. I feel purty happy all de time, but New Yer meks me feel better towards people. 'Poleon Bonyparte de oder day dragged dat ole pitcher wid de peonies on et off de table an' broke et. Gosh! I wuz madder dan a horse-fly, but jist becas' New Yer wuz purty near, I sort ob couldn't whack dat dawg, and dis gin meks me feel mo' like New Yer. Doesn't yo' often feel dat way, Ma'se Jahn?"

He stirred a few minutes in silence. Suddenly he stopped and peered around at me, his old eyes blinking from the brightness of the fire. "Does yo' know de diff'rence between a woman an' de watah dat ez in dis pot, honey?" he asked

"No," said I, mystified.

"Waal, de diff'rence is dis. Dat ez soon ez I try and calm dis com-mohsun in dis heah pot by stirrin' de watah wid a spoon, et becomes quiet at once. Now a woman is diff'rent. Neber try t' calm a woman, Ma'se Jahn, fo' no mattah how good de woman is, yo'll only mek' her madder; but flatt'ry am de biggest art en pacifyin'. Tole youah ole woman dat she am lookin' lobly, ef she is mad, an' she will soon be glad agin. Yas, I've tried et. Wen my ole woman wen she wuz alive git mad et me, I sed: 'Honey, yo' am lookin' lobly to-day. Does yo' know et?' An' purty soon she'd sort ob smile, an' I'd laff en my sleeve an' say t' myself: 'Pollo, yo' am de mos' possum-lik' coon in Kaintucky.'" And Apollo, chuckling, stirred the water into which he had emptied the contents of several paper bags, and repeated, "De mos' possum-lik' coon en Kaintucky."

"Now, yo', Ma'se Jahn, why doahn't yo' eber git married?" he queried, suddenly turning from his mysterious occupation.

"I'm a cripple, Apollo," I said rather sadly. "No woman likes to marry a cripple."

Apollo came slowly toward me. "Honey," he said earnestly, "de reason is dat yo' hab never found de right woman yit. De right woman lobs de soul, not de body. Dah am som' wimmen dat would lob a man eben ef he wuz chopped en two pieces an' ez homely ez sin. Dah ain't many wimmen lik' dat, chile, but all good things am scarce. De Lawd sed, 'Seek an' yo' shel' fin'.' Doan't yo' suppose de Lawd meant et? Dah am nutin' on Gawd's earth dat yo' cannut fin' ef yo' look fo' et. Yo'll hab t' seek a long while, Ma'se Jahn, ma'be, but yo'll fin' et en de

"If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work."

end. Dey am wond'ful words, Ma'se Jahn, wond'ful words. Dey 'ply t' eberthing en de lan'—t' de bar, de possum, t' yo', an' eben t' dis ole coon. Et ma' be 'ligion, et ma' be money, et ma' be food, clothin', millions, or lob an' happiness dat yo' want, but ef yo' seek fo' dem, ez de Lawd sezs, yo' will fin' dem."

I picked up my hat and cane preparatory to going. "Apollo," I said, "you're a philosopher."

Apollo grinned and shook his head protestingly. "No, Ma'se Jahn, et's jist truth an' sense. Som' people know de truth; oders 'ply et. Den et becomes sense. But, 'member, Ma'se Jahn," he said impressively, as he poked his woolly head out of the door, "'member de words ob de gospel, Ma'se, 'Seek an' yo' shel' fin'.'"

There was a new world open to me as I went along the old Kentucky road in the still, gray moonlight,—a world of new hope and youth.

I found her the next morning.

She was twisting long strings of evergreen around the white columns of her father's porch, and was clad in a scarlet cloak, with her hair flying mistily about her dark eyes. There was a look and feeling of home and comfort about the place. Cato stood by helping her with his feeble old fingers, while over the whole scene, the holly, the homely features of the negro, and the sweet face of Mary, was cast the spirit of the New Year. She saw me coming, and let the greens fall from her hands, and drew her flying crimson cloak closer to her, and beckoned Cato to leave. I went up the steps and took her hands in mine. "You know what I have come for, Mary," I said, looking into her eyes.

She smiled back at me trustingly. Then she laughed with a joy that I caught, that has never yet or ever will leave me. "I have been waiting a long, long time for you, John," she said.

Florence M. Alexander, '10.

Drawing in Agricultural Colleges

The Morrill bill which was passed by Congress in 1862 provided that the nation should donate the proceeds from the sale of public lands to those states and territories which should establish colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

Some sixty institutions in the United States owe their origin or prosperity to this law. Every state in the union has an agricultural college, and many of the Southern states have two, one for negroes.

“Always carry about with you an album. Make yourself into an ant, plunder everywhere, have an abundant granary as soon as possible.”

Nearly all of these colleges make some attempt to teach drawing. Those in which engineering is taught have their courses in mechanical and machine drawing, descriptive geometry, and allied subjects. Free-hand drawing is taught to the agricultural students, as well.

Let me take two colleges as examples:—

The Michigan Agricultural College was the first of its kind in the country, and has therefore reached a greater general development than any other. There are three principal courses,—agriculture, engineering, and the women's course. The engineering student gets an average of six hours a week for three years in mechanical and machine drawing, descriptive geometry, perspective, and topographical drawing. The agricultural student has one year of five hours a week in model drawing, and elementary mechanical drawing, including the planning of farm buildings. The woman student has a similar course, but adds a year at light and shade in charcoal, and another year in lectures on the history of art. The drawing department is well organized, with a professor, four instructors, and three assistants. There are over five hundred and forty students taking drawing. The department occupies the two upper stories of a fine new building just erected. Last year five of the instructors were from the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

In the Massachusetts Agricultural College an altogether different condition prevails. That part of the national funds which, under the Morrill bill, goes to a college of mechanic arts was given by our state to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, leaving the rest to found the only purely agricultural college in the country. Until this year drawing has never been taught by a separate instructor. Through the efforts of Professor Waugh, a nucleus for a drawing department has been formed under the wing of the Division of Horticulture. It has but ten students, and its one instructor is also an assistant in landscape gardening, a subject which requires much drawing. An attempt is being made in four hours a week in the Junior year to cover as much as possible of freehand drawing, water-color, mechanical drawing, and perspective as is possible.

In the majority of the agricultural colleges it rests with one instructor, often one who has had no special training in the subject, to teach all the drawing that is taught.

It is my firm conviction that there is an excellent field here for the

“The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims was most brief, ‘We went to work betimes.’ ”

graduate of the Normal Art School, especially for the man or woman who can teach freehand and mechanical drawing equally well. It is a comparatively easy matter to find a teacher for either freehand drawing or mechanical drawing, but the one who can teach both, and teach both well, is rare, and when found can practically command his own salary.

* * * * *

When I asked Aunt Louise what I should write about for the CENTRE OF VISION this month, she replied: “I’m sure I don’t know, I can’t preach.” So I hope this will show that I can write without preaching.

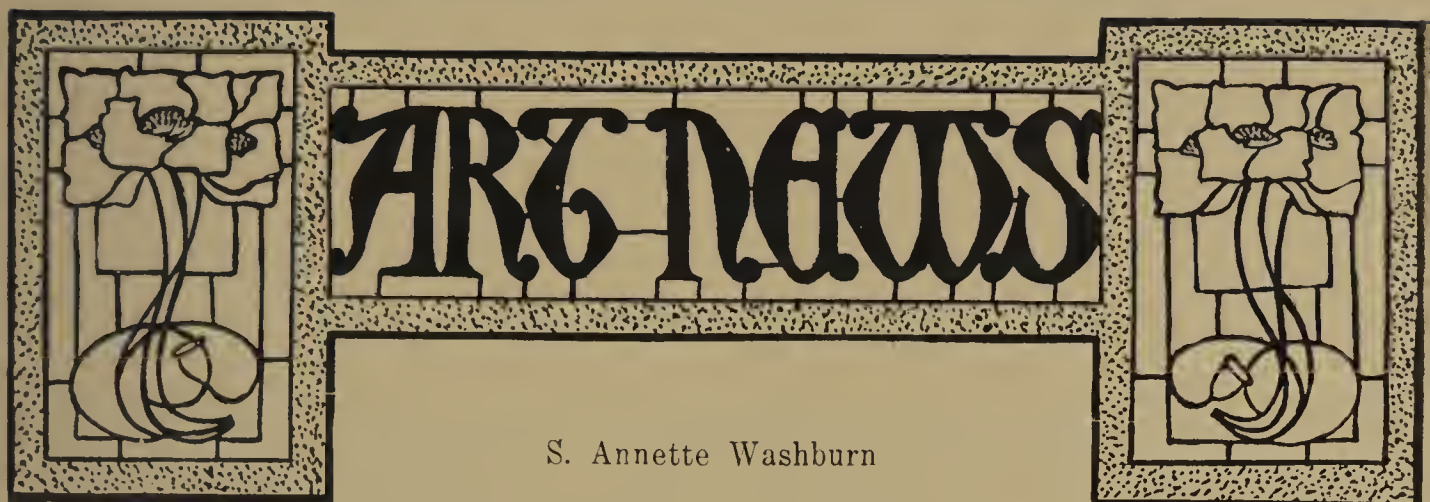
I’m afraid, though, that I do have a weakness for giving advice, and if you want any on this subject, don’t forget that you still have an
Uncle Martin.

The Copley Society’s Twelfth Night Revels

This year the Twelfth Night Revels, given on Monday evening, January 6, were the merriest yet held. The hall was charmingly festooned in the red and green garlands of Christmas, representing the court room of an old castle. Here gathered men and women of all countries and all ages to greet the king and queen and witness the revels.

Charles Perry was one of the three kings of the Orient. Several of the dances which were so much enjoyed last year were repeated, and new ones were added. Mrs. Major and Mr. Stiles again gave their Spanish dance, and carried the audience. The revels ceased shortly before midnight, when a luncheon of English buns and beer was served. All the revelers then joined in a Portland Fancy, which proved a source of great fun and jollity. Dancing continued for several hours.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School was well represented: Miss Bailey, nun; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Major, gypsies; Roland Stebbins, gypsy; Helen Lyon, colonial costume; Charles Kelley, Henry VIII.; Burt Baker, gypsy; Diana Blair, gypsy; Frank Allen, Arabian; Louise Bates, Dutch girl; J. Earl Hogeboom, monk; Rita Grant, colonial; Walter Stiles, gypsy; Lawrence Loring, Venetian; Florence Bulfinch, Mexican; Louise Webb, colonial costume; Miss Carrick, knight; Miss Lane, Pierot; Charles Perry, King Casper; Adah Knight, colonial; Harley Perkins, pioneer.



"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"

Gravely she answered: "I am called Success."

"The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?"

"Failure, my sire; my mother, Weariness."

The seventy-seventh exhibition of the Boston Art Club is now open. At the Twentieth Century Club Mr. Thompson's works are shown, while at the Boston City Club are Mr. Richardson's paintings. Also, there is an exhibition of landscapes by Emil Carlsen at the St. Botolph Club. In Kimball's Galleries Mr. Woodbury has a very interesting exhibition of recent water-colors and some oil paintings, which will be on exhibition until January 19. This exhibition will be followed by one of John J. Enneking's works.

John S. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. James T. Fields is now on exhibition for a few days at the Copley Gallery, 431 Boylston street.

An exhibition of portraits and other paintings by Miss Mary M. Richardson will be open at the Boston City Club from January 13 to January 26.

A very instructive lecture on "Design" by Dr. Denman W. Ross was given at the Museum on January 4. Dr. Ross spoke especially about the appreciation of art for the worker only.

The Normal Art School is well represented at the Art Club, there being two portraits by two very recent students of the school, Miss Hosmer and Mr. Baker, as well as the excellent portraits by two of our instructors, Vesper L. George and Richard Andrew.

Joseph Duveen, of Duveen Brothers, London and New York, the art dealer who bought the Rudolph Kann collection last spring, is going to write a series of articles on Rembrandt.

A series of six lectures, illustrated in color, will be given by Fraulein Antoine Stolle on "The Progress of Centuries in Art" at the Tuileries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, on Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock.

"True talent is uneasy, always seeking, and is never satisfied."

In the International Studio Homer Saint Gaudens has an article on Abbott H. Thayer. He gives a description and exposition of the painter and his pictures which is thoroughly sympathetic, and puts one in the right mood to appreciate and study the paintings by Mr. Thayer. His presentation of certain truths about the painter and the man explains certain effects and qualities that surely many of us have noticed and thought about while looking at that composition called "Caritas" in our Museum. By the way, how many have seen "The Head of a Girl," by Thayer, in the Museum?

The fourth of the series of articles in the Chautauquan, entitled "Formative Influences in the Story of American Painting," has interesting information about William Morris Hunt and John Trumbull.

In the January Scribner's "The Field of Art" has a description of the collection of portraits by Thomas Sully possessed by the United States Military Academy at West Point.

"The library there contains seven canvases by this accomplished painter; two of these are full length and one three-quarters; the remaining four are busts. The Military Academy, which was in early times the same as the Corps of Engineers, wrote to President Jefferson and to ex-Secretary of War Monroe asking permission to have their portraits painted by Mr. Sully for the Military Academy, i. e., the Corps of Engineers. The headquarters of the corps and the academy were at West Point."

Mr. Fowler suggests in the same piece that "the present Cadet mess hall, Grant Hall, as it is called, may be devoted to a line of portraits of the presidents of the United States, the commanders-in-chief of the army." He says: "Let these be set in the side walls, as panels, where they may look down on the corps of Cadets as they assemble there three times a day. It will be a lesson in history and an inspiration to these defenders of the Union. The idea may be stimulating, for in the centre of the spot where is taught the arts of war we may thus prove that we are not neglectful of the arts of peace."

* * * * *

"In American art, if Childe Hassam has not Monet's peculiar power of imagination, he is equally interesting to the student, for he reveals precisely how a nervous American appreciates the quivering vitality of the physical world."

“The gift of a great man is to get good out of all things and all persons.”



ALUMNI NOTES

Jean Kimber, Pittsburg Academy

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true :
To think without confusion, clearly ;
To love his fellowmen sincerely ;
To act from honest motive purely ;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Now is the season of good resolutions. Perhaps you agree with the person who wrote: “The best New Year’s resolution is to resolve to keep the ones you have made in former years.” Or perhaps you find that these old ones have been outgrown and that new ones are needed to meet new conditions. In either case, Dr. van Dyke’s “Life’s Compass” above will help, for it contains the thought which was beneath the aspirations of the past and embodies the needs for the future. Try to follow it this year.

“Merry Christmas!” wrote the editor a few weeks ago. An attack of grip, a delay in the mails! And the “Merry Christmas!” was too late for publication. Although it must be in the past tense, the editor sends her greeting this month, hoping that the season brought you joy, and that its message of love has renewed “a right spirit within you.” (“I do hope the ‘right spirit’ will manifest itself in news of alumni, sent by return mail.”)

The London Congress begins to seem real when one receives the booklet of “Pathways,” issued by the Bureau of University Travel, Trinity place, Boston. This Bureau has been made the official representative of the American Advisory Committee in the organization and man-

"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

agement of parties to attend the congress. Several tours have been planned, with itineraries, dates, and rates to suit the tastes, convenience, and purses of all. The most extended one—and the most expensive!—includes Greece and Italy, and has for its dean, "in full charge of its intellectual interests," Henry Turner Bailey, '87. Needless to say, it will be a success. Of this and the other tours full particulars may be had by writing the Bureau.

'96. In a lecture at the Institute held at the school in '05, Dr. Haney said that one of the duties of a drawing teacher is to contribute to the literature of his subject. Among Normal Art men who have been doing their duty in this line is Augustus F. Rose, whose book, "Copper Work," has recently been published. Those who are interested in metal work will find methods and materials clearly described. There are also many suggestive illustrations

'99. Ernest A. Batchelder also writes. At present he is publishing in the Craftsman a series of articles on "Design in Theory and Practice." Mr. Batchelder's knowledge of this subject has been acquired not only by study in this country, but by study and travel abroad, where he devoted much time to craftsmanship and shop work. His ability as a teacher has been demonstrated by the results of his work in the Summer School of the Handicraft Guild in Minneapolis, Minn., and the Throop Polytechnic School in Pasadena, Cal., and as author of "The Principles of Design" he has shown with what force and clearness he can write.

This new series, by one who, as student, teacher, and writer, is well fitted to deal with his subject, should be a valuable addition to our libraries.

'06. Miss Florence Murphy has resumed her work as supervisor of drawing in Newburyport, after an illness which caused a year's absence. That a position of such importance was held for Miss Murphy for such a long time speaks well for her ability.

According to Miss Bailey (or was it Mr. Andrew), the Massachusetts Normal Art School is a good school for courtship. Another of the romances which began in this atmosphere reached its culmination on December 19 in the marriage of Miss Adeline Burnett, of Natick, to Royal Bailey Farnum. Both are beloved by classmates and friends, and are accompanied, as they enter the new life, by none but good wishes.



EDITORIALS

We wish you a Happy New Year.

At the beginning of the New Year the editorial staff wishes to let its supporters know the exact financial standing of their representative school paper. Few realize the amount of work and time that one must give to make a successful paper, and this year the staff needs the support of every student and alumnus that can be given. The staff this year has a debt of ninety-six dollars on its shoulders, accumulated in the past two years, and it is its earnest aim to make this year a success financially, which to date we prophecy a successful year, and hope to diminish the debt one-half its standing at present. In the June number the business manager will give a report of the year financially, in order that all may be interested in the year's proceedings.

The sale of the December number was fairly good, yet there is still a lot more need of support. Each edition brings its individual expense, and in order to meet these expenses we solicit the help of every student. If you are not a subscriber, be sure to obtain a copy each month, and occasionally drop an article in the box at the foot of the stairs.

The staff invited the opinion of each student as to the way the paper is being published, and would be glad to publish any criticism for the benefit of the school paper and its interests.

We wish to impress upon the students the necessity of mentioning the CENTRE OF VISION when purchasing from our advertisers, as it helps us greatly in retaining their advertisement.

We have passed another milestone. Let us look back upon the last school year. How great have we improved the opportunities which the dear old commonwealth has given us to advance our learning, that we may advance others likewise? Let us not make too many resolutions (not that they are unnecessary), but to think of our future and make one lasting resolution: "To account profitably for each minute of our school life."



E. B. Ayer

We wish every one a Happy New Year. May the year be a successful one for our school papers.

The editorials in the *Penn Charter Magazine* are very well written; in fact, the entire paper shows careful work and thought.

The *Cambridge Review* is bristling with good stories. The prize story, "May 15, 19—," although the subject is weird and perhaps improbable, is fascinatingly told, and holds the attention of the reader to the end.

The cover design on the *Exponent* is badly drawn. We would suggest a more conventional design if a freehand one cannot be better executed. The contents, however, are quite readable, and deserve a better cover.

The *Pickel* contains a good article on "Our Forests" that is worthy of notice.

We note the *Clionian* for the first time this year on our table, and are glad to have an exchange containing an art department.

The *Cardinal* has an instructive column headed "School World," in which are told some interesting facts. It would be an improvement to any paper to add such a column.

To the *Clarion* we would suggest that it seems as if something were lacking in the cover design. Some good drawing in the large bare spots would improve its appearance.

The *Drury Academe* is always welcome. The Christmas number contains a clever character sketch, entitled "Isaac Bernstein."

The *Andrew College Journal* has a very amusing column, "The Crazy Corner." It is too bad all schools do not have a "crank" to edit one similar.

The exchanges are open to the inspection of all the students. You may see your former school publication if you wish.

Class Notes

JUNIOR PROM

Thursday Evening, February 20, 1908

Howe Hall, New Century Building, Huntington Avenue

TICKETS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FOLLOWING
COMMITTEE

Miss Poore, Miss Nute, Mr. Parke, Miss Beale,
Mr. Packard, Mr. Jacobs

ADMITTING TWO - - - ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF

The Athletic Association held a meeting January 3, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Morley Cameron; secretary, Charles Mabie; treasurer, Frank Davis. Chester A. Park was elected manager of the baseball team, and already has many games arranged for the coming season. From now on it is the earnest request of the officers that all members attend the meetings in the future.

'08

Charles R. Mabie

Gertrude Nason

Fellow-students in the class of '08: We are now beginning a new year, and let us remember that it is the last one for most of us in this school. Let us hope that our good resolutions will last until the end of the term. Then what?

At present Mr. J——n is posing as a foreign missionary (future).

Leap year has begun, we understand, in Mr. George's studio.

When is a picture not worth a thousand dollars?

When it is worth-less.

When is Andreas like a ghost?

When he is a goblin (g).

Why may Mr. F——y be considered as belonging to the vegetable kingdom?

Because his experiences have made him sage.

"What's all the row over in the next studio?" a visitor asked of a Senior.

"Oh, that is the noise the charcoal makes as the Freshmen work."

Cupid's bow and poison dart Mabie never touched your heart.

'09

Daniel Stewart

Constance Bevan

A class meeting was held in the Public Schoolroom Wednesday, January 8. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Harry W. Jacobs; vice-president, Constance M. Bevan; secretary, Ina A. Calif; treasurer, Josephine Nute. The subject of class dues was discussed and voted to be paid each term. The following committee was appointed to make arrangements for the "Junior Prom," which will be held February 20 at Howe Hall, New Century Building, Huntington avenue. It is the request of the committee that every member of the class be present at each class meeting.

We understand that the Design Class is trying to work out Socialism by having everything owned by any one in the class for common property.

Every one knows that Wally excels in most things, but possibly there are few who do not know that she is the champion "kurosliem" spiller.

Mr. Major's students are turning out some marvelous and, let us hope, rare color studies.

We are all glad to welcome Ina Calif again into our studios, after a long absence due to illness.

Next time any one comes to see you, Clara, be more generous and lead him around.

A fine of five cents for each slang phrase is the penalty in one studio. Wouldn't the treasury in Mr. Major's studio expand!

Every student should get a proof of the class picture this month of Mr. Major's studio. They are exceptionally good.

'10

Edgar Breed

Alice H. Stephens

Your sympathy is solicited for Miss Bailey. She has been seeing blue moons. Evidently the no-license movement hasn't struck her town yet.

Poor "Dearie" Rupe has left school to go into light housekeeping with one of her BEST friends. Although we are sorry to lose Miss Rupe, we extend to her our sincere congratulations—and sympathy.

Here is Pomeroy's recipe for bean soup. Beware if he starts a restaurant: Take one bean, add two quarts of water. Sit up with the bean until it dissolves. Serve dry. If you take boarders, add more water.

And Miss Chard does not care to wear glasses because they hurt her ears. Poor Marge!

Attend the baseball meetings, fellows. Think what a successful team we will have if every fellow in the school supports it.

May Gleason has two little pigs,
An shure she loves um dareley,
She's taught them little reels and jigs,
And the pigs sees thru them clarley.
They followed her to school one day,
Each walkin' foine an' stiddy,
But May she had to tote 'em back,
For we've enough a'ready.

Frederick Remington must look to his laurels, for in Buttimer he has a most formidable rival.

A one-time favorite topic in Mr. H——'s studio: "Estrangement of Affections." In this case it is those of a lone man.

A cure for your chilblains, B——: Take a good measure of hard work, a little less of talking to a little less singing. Mix well and use continually during the day.

Mr. H——'s studio has turned into a jewelry shop. Bracelets a specialty. Leave your order early and avoid the rush.

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess—these four entertain B—— sufficiently. No one else need apply.

'11

John Davis

Bernice Staples

Miss S——: "I can't see all those things."

Miss E——: "Look at it with your eyes shut."

A sandpaper pad loaded with charcoal is a pretty good weapon.

"What makes that horse so hard to draw?"

"Her name is Maud."

If you can't find the authority, don't make up one. You might not hit it right.

Why are the pigeons so anxious to get in when there is a lecture going on?

Do you notice the difference in the atmosphere in Mr. Andrew's?

Even the ceiling wept during an impressive lecture last week.

When Miss Ebelred left and Mr. Smith went down to Miss Bartlett's our studio lost much of its brilliancy, light, and local color.

Where is that Glee Club? Don't let it die out.

Come, classmates, get into the spirit of the school and class, and hand your respective editors enough material to make this column interesting.

Miss Hadley—Our Head light and Our High light, and they say that if she should leave us we would have to resort to Gas light.

A good many of our students have a very taking way. NOTICE! Lost! One box of charcoal, fifteen chamois skins, nine erasers, and seven bottles of fixatif.

Courchine (al) is now a (Staple) article.

At a meeting of the Freshman class Miss Marion A Stevens was chosen vice-president, in place of Miss Langlands, whose resignation was occasioned by her severing her connection with the class. At the same meeting a committee of six was chosen to manage the class social now under consideration.

Identification wanted? Miss Sepia.

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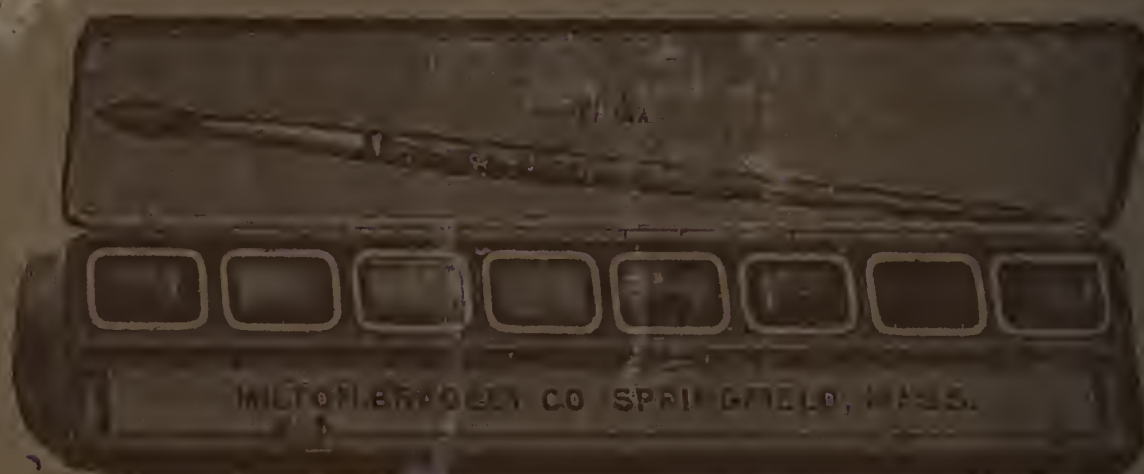
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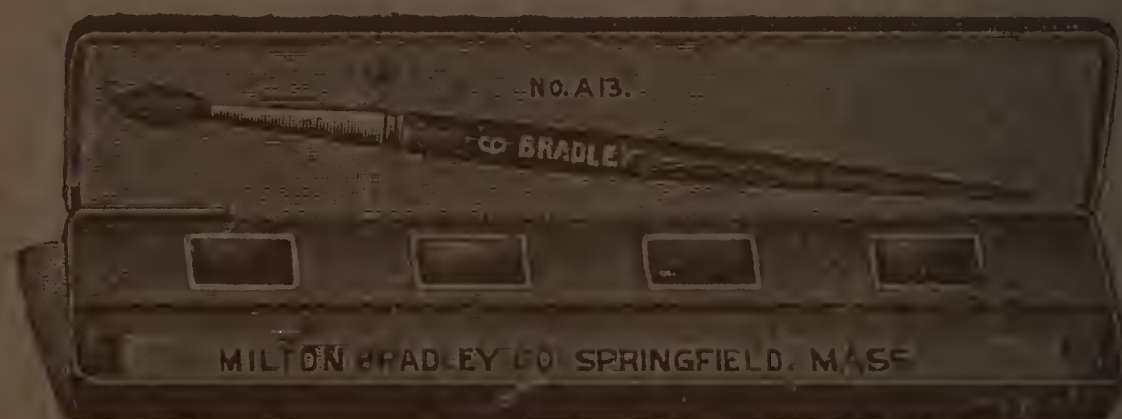


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